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TRANSATLANTIC
SKETCHES FROM LIFE:

A SATIRE.

BY REGINALD ST. CLARE.

"UTINAM TIBI COMMITIGARI VIDEAM SANDALIO CAPUT."—
TERENCE, EUN., A. 5, S. 8.

PUBLISHED BY J. LYGHT, BOOKSELLER, KING
STREET, HAMILTON.

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PREFACE.

Many people, I suppose, write a preface because it is usual to do so. I write one because it is necessary.

Many readers, too, pay little or no attention to a preface. I solicit particular attention to mine. It is the foundation on which the superstructure rests.

Without my prefacé, the efforts of benevolence might be regarded as emanations from a fountain of bitterness.

I wish the American people distinctly to understand, that the following has been written with a sincere desire for their individual advantage.

The people have been so bewildered by political demagogues, and a vile party press, that they are smitten with a no less fearful malady than national insanity. What I have written is designed to clear their mental and moral vision, that they may see how, and by whom, the springs of truth have been poisoned—how justice and honesty have been outraged—designed as a scourge for the guilty only; for whom I cannot abate one twist of whip-cord.

I lay no claim to merit in the execution of my task, except in my adherence to truth. If not the whole truth, it is nothing but the truth; more plainly spoken, perhaps, than you have been accustomed to hear.

It was begun and finished, such as it is, in a few

hours. I could easily have made it ten times its present length, but thought it as well to give a short lesson at first.

A word or two more. The sons of Erin must not for a moment suppose that I have treated them harshly; what I have said is designed for those who are a disgrace to their country. I regard some of them as my personal friends, and honour others as ornaments to the character and literature of the world. If they have conquered the United States, it is no business of mine.

And I feel assured that my American friends—and there are many whom I much esteem—and all true friends to their country, cannot do otherwise than acquiesce with me.

Now, having made an excursion through this little preface, I fully agree to your proceeding, if it so please you, to read what follows; and I beg what, nevertheless, I cannot venture to hope, that the scourged, as well as the vindicated, will recognize a friend in

THE AUTHOR.

Transatlantic Sketches.

I.

"Land a ho!" by George, 'tis time to wake;

But, as for that, I've hardly slept a wink.

Now for the deck, and presently I'll take

An observation. There, just on the brink

Of ocean, there is something, no mistake:

They tell me 'tis the heights of "Neversink"—

Well, be it so—it may be—s'pose 'tis true—

But, like some tales I've heard, 'tis very blue.

II.

The ocean's yet around me, I have made,

Companionship with it now many a day,

In calm, and storm, in sunshine, and in shade,

Have marked its moods, have seen the dolphins
play,

Seen Amphitrite's children ply their trade—

An interesting family are they;

To say they have not sense is merely gammon,

They shew it better than some sons of mammon.

III.

For man the earth, the ocean, and the sky,
Above, beneath, around, appropriate schools
• From which he cannot fail would he but try,
To gain instruction, and to find the tools
For digging wisdom's mine, they all are nigh:
Why stand we gazing, idly, like fools,
Upon the volume of the kind Creator,
Unlearned to read it, save by a translator?

IV.

I've done with moralizing—o'er the wave,
The sun now rises from his last night's bed,
And intercepting spray-showers seem to lave,
The burning brightness of his mighty head—
Pray do not think I am a fool or knave,
From the absurdities I've just now said:
It needs, sometimes, to be like other people,
E'en if thy liken broomsticks to a steeple.

V.

‘Haul the lee braces---keep her close---be steady,’
Shouts the hoarse captain as he sniffs the breeze;
And on we shoot as if some favouring eddy,
Were helper to the winds in these new seas.

The pilot nears.—“By sheets and tacks be ready—

I beg your pardon, sir, but if you please
Keep clear of this.” Obedient to the check,
We turn. The pilot leaps upon the deck.

VI.

He was a little skinny, tawny creature,
Not seeming much adapted to his trade;
But yet, ’tis hard to calculate the nature,
Of many animals the Lord hath made:
They change—in some we recognize a feature
Of one we’ll keep, at present, in the shade.
Ament this pilot—if the Yankee nation
Resemble him, what hope of its salvation!

VII.

Thus mused we, leaning o'er the vessel's prow—

Enough—'tis not our aim to keep a journal;
Or tell mankind particularly now,

How pass our days, in strictly a diurnal
Account of what we see, or think, or how

We know a scamp from a lieutenant colonel:
We take a very disultary way,
And never know the next word we've to say.

VIII.

We've seen—a village once that might be spat on,

We mean no disrespect, it once was small—
That city on the island of Manhattan,

A cosmopolitan affair, where all
May sit upon the seat that most have sat on—

The scorner's chair; the Spaniard, and the Gaul,
Chinese, Turk, German, Cossac, and Malay,
And other monsters without ruth or pity;
And hordes of Irishmen who rule the city.

IX.

James Gordon Bennett, that degenerate Scot,
All renegade and rascal, through and through—
A halter should, long since, have been his lot—
Assumes to be Goliath of the crew :
Where he would lead his minions, it is not
His purpose to speak out, but if they knew,
They'd choose another chieftain—anything—
The best, a second David with a sling.

X.

He cannot fail to know—he scarcely feels,
Ne'er felt, nay cannot feel, a blush of shame—
He knows his villany, and vainly steals,
A cloak to hide the ulcers on his name ;
And tries to cheat the devil at his heels.
Let him review the den from which he came,
Let him reflect, for once, what he has been,
And, if he dares, go back to Aberdeen.

XI.

Yes, let him go, his crimes were in the bud,

In those past times. They'd scarcely know the
scamp,

Who robb'd their kale yards, cheated when he
could,

And mused on mischief by a pine knot lamp:—

They'd scarcely know him now—he's hatched a
brood

Of hideous crimes since then. He'd hate the
tramp,

If they'd nought else to give the pamper'd sinner,

But porridge and oat cake, to make his dinner.

XII.

As I write gratis, I expect no thanks—

'Twere but a forlorn fancy if I did—

For mentioning, 'mong other things, the pranks

He played elsewhere, before he *shaved for*
Kid. (1)

Now, higher game was started, and the banks

Required for their chests an extra-lid.

He reasoned then like Hudibras, (2) his neck

Felt less at ease in Scotland than Quebec.

XIII.

There's one great comfort for his numerous friends,
His pilgrimage on earth can not be long,
I mean much longer, for his glass fast tends
To Zero, if report does him no wrong.
Fame writes, e'en now, his epitaph, and sends
It forth into the world to float in song:
It tells more truth than most great men require,
"HERE LIE THE BONES OF A MOST SHAMELESS LIAR."

XIV.

Now I'll be gentle—only slightly touch
On some few matters in this modern Babel;
A few odd millions cheated is not much,
In custom-house or post-office, they're able,
Being, in paper currency, so rich,
To wipe such trifles from the nation's table.
What if the Street Commissioners are keeping
In their own pockets, what is paid for sweeping!

XV.

And as for morals—what use being too nice?

Some half a dozen murders are the most
We hear of in a week—mice will be mice;

Men will be men, and Fenian rogues can boast,
To beat the world in murder, and in lice:

They win their laurels, and they'll bear the cost!
To be particular a man's a fool—

What if their greatest hero was Bill Pool! (3)

XVI.

So, gentle reader, go, in kindness think

Of these good people, and their noble town:
It is a noble Babel, on the brink

Of a most noble bay, and rolling down
On either side, two noble currents link

Their waves, like azure gems, around a crown.
Oh, noble Gothamites, shun Sodom's doom,

By giving honesty a little room.

XVII.

Still in the city's bounds, are many a score,
Not sought or loved, by those I've been ad-
dressing ;
Nay, I might count their ranks by thousands o'er,
Nor should I deem the task at all distressing,
If I could count so many thousands more,
By some, regarded as their country's blessing ;
Whether they move in public or in quiet,
Like Horace Greely, or Thaddens Hyat.

XVIII.

But now I mention names, I own most freely,
I must be candid, both with good and evil ;
I do not like to make my lines too mealy,
Enough if only gentlemanly civil :
I'm sorry, but must caution our scribe Greely,
Not to attempt propitiate the devil—
To go between the rind and wood's a trick,
They say has been a bother to old Nick.

XIX.

I hope he'll take the hint, 'tis quite well meant ;
 'Twill do no harm, if needed less than once, on
Some past occasion, '4) when he meekly léant,
 As for example, to the bosh of Johnson ;
When he received the deputation, sent
 By the oppress'd. A chastisement his sponce on.
Would suit him better, and applied most freely,
Than lame excuses by such men as Greely.

XX.

Take it as kindly meant, and do not wince,
 Or try to palliate—be a man although.
I've thought upon the subject often since,
 And pondered till the thing looked very blue.
Need I say more your judgment to convince ?
 The lukewarm from his mouth the Lord will
 spue.
They who serve good and evil half and half,
Excite man's pity, and the devil's laugh.

XXI.

Let me reflect.—I fear when I began

To write of Horace Greely, I was under
Some stupid false impression of the man ;

All things considered, it was no great wonder ;
I'll now correct the error if I can—(5)

I hope 'tis not too late to own a blunder—
Then, gentle reader, do not feel surprise,
To find he's but a lumbbug in disguise.

XXII.

Disguise ? yes, call it so, 'tis very thin ;

'Twould not conceal his master's cloven foot ;
He'd like to hide the villany within,

And fain, would come before us clear of soot.
'Tis hard to judge chameleons by their skin ;

And flaunting flowers may have a bitter root.
Better than print the rubbish of his brain,
To brand upon his brow the curse of Cain.

XXIII.

Now, too much ballast in a boat will sink her ;

Too much conceit, may make a man forsake
An honest trade, if he's a shallow thinker—

As many are—and only half awake.

'Tis thus a decent cobbler, or tinker,

May leave his calling, and aspire to make
Discords in consonants and vowels pliant,
Like Longfellow, or William Cullen Bryant.

XXIV.

Too much of anything, they say, 's not good ;

The Yankees *may*, perchance, have too much
slaughter,

As yet, they've hardly slaked their thirst with
blood,

And seem to value it no more than water ;
And, like the vagabonds before the flood, (6)

Despise all virtue, and in wrath wax hotter ;
Inciting scoundrels one would loathe to spit on,
To hurl malicious insults on Great Britain.

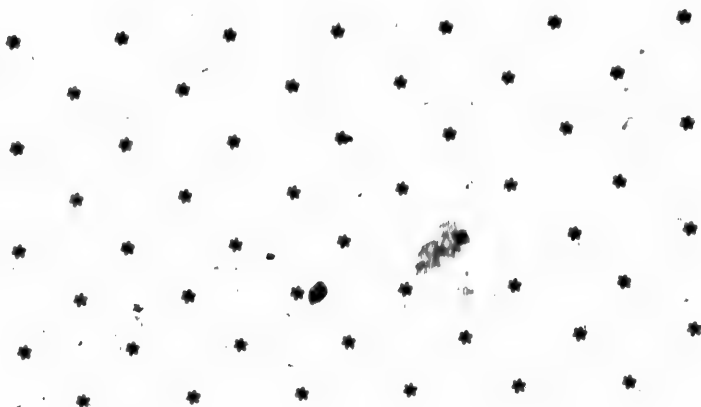
XXV.

Mayor, in all cities, is a pompons name,
I would not nip their laurels, if I could ;
But not to mention some would be a shame,
Particularly our friend Fernando Wood ;
Who made all other civic wolves look tame—
Foremost in villany's degenerate brood.
Before election day, they wear a mask all,
But, in New York, Mayor simply means a rascal.

XXVI.

The small fry—let them pass—I've nought to
say—
Their name is legion in this same New York ;
It is not well in journeying by the way,
To offer Jews you meet a piece of pork.
Besides, I'm thinking of some other day,
And save my rhymes for doing better work.
So here I'll pause a bit, perhaps to think—
What's more, I'm getting rather short of ink.

XXVII.



XXVIII.

I've seen some other cities, but of them
 I'll write hereafter—perhaps not write at all,
 Seen many, but the ways and minds of men,
 Are so dull in seeing one, you've seen them all.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, bound a country's pen :
 Man's much the same where'er his lot may fall ;
 But Huron's glassy wave o'er which we're driven,
 Images, in its brightness, nought but heaven.

XXIX.

What peace is whispered by that evening star!
Its voice unto the heart, is "Peace be still;"
I feel its music though it comes from far—
Its mandate seems to vibrate on the hill,
The wild bird seeks her nest, the beast his lair;
Free from the thralldom of man's despot will.
Hail, to thy beam of beauty! who can be
A renegade from faith beholding thee?

XXX.

Around, like emerald gems of varied size,
Islands lie basking on the slumbering deep;
With scarce a zephyr fluttering from the skies,
To fan the feathery forests in their sleep.
Or float away the mists that slowly rise,
Around each mimic bay, or rocky steep.
One solitary bird that's on the wing,
Seems, at this hour, the only wakeful thing.

XXXI.

Oh, for a home on some such quiet shore !
Where other voices ne'er or seldom reach,
Save sighing winds—anon the tempest's roar,
And started billows drifting to the beach ;
With but one kindred spirit to adore
The might and majesty of things that teach,
The heart to worship at His shrine, who sways
His sceptre o'er all life—throughout all space.

XXXII.

The morning dawns above a wood-crown'd hill,
We're speeding up the river of Ste. Marie !
Met, from afar, by many a mountain rill,
Sparkling from Grottos meet for sylph or fairy.
The pilgrim here would fain to linger still,
'Mid scenes whose magic spell can never weary;
But drifting onward, yet exults to find
Each scene exceeding that he left behind.

XXXIII.

There, giant rocks are piled upon the strand,
Sullen and dark, they frown upon the tide ;
An Indian Wigwam here—a beach of sand—
The channel narrows---but then stretching wide,
A hundred islets lie on either hand.
Oh, glorious solitudes! can pomp, or pride,
Power, wealth, or fame, ambition's enterprise,
Console the spirit like this paradise?

XXXIV.

Farewell, I've pass'd your hundred mazes now,
Gazed up your glens, and mark'd your hills afar
These distant mountains, on whose flinty brow,
Time and its thunders may have left a scar,
But have not taught your lofty heads to bow,
E'en to their sceptre. Will ambition's star
Pollute your sacred heights, or mammon hold,
A revel in your lab'rins for gold?

XXXV.

Farewell, I've gazed, and dreamt, and my poor
lyre,
Should have a time, perhaps, of needed rest ;
To mighty themes it never dares aspire,
And e'en in humble ones, is poor at best ;
And very apt at times, you'll say, to tire :
Dull in description, rather weak in jest,
And if its crazy strings excel at all,
Perhaps they're best, when slightly touched with
gall.

XXXVI.

Farewell dear river, shades of peace, adien !
Farewell, wild denizens (7) who long have
dwelt,
Just where your rapid wave is yclept *Soo*—
Though *Saut Ste. Marie* is the way 'tis spelt—
Farewell to village, wigwam, and canoe !
Oh, gentle reader, have you never felt,
A shade of sadness e'en o'er trifles cast,
Because the look you gave them, was the *last* ?

XXXVII.

Blue gleams the headland o'er Tequamenon bay,
Blue where the billows meet the northern sky ;
Blue looks the shore, amid the flashing spray,
And blue the misty haze that floats on high.
The breeze still freshens with the growing day—
But now, my lyre must bid such scenes good
bye;
Howe'er I may regret, the pilgrim's plan,
Has less to do with nature, than with man.

XXXVIII.

Well, I have found a nest of human moles,
German, and Irish, English, by nation ;
Digging by day in deep cavernous holes,
Making night hideous o'er their long potations :
Often in strife, like most unchristian souls,
Copper the Major General of salvation ;
And some of them are the discarded tools,
Of Yankee brawls—the worst of knaves and fools.

XXXIX.

E'en Englishmen were 'mong the cut throat crew,
And won an infamy they ought to gain ;
I fain would hope in numbers they were few,
And only grieve they e'er came back again.
Better their bones were bleaching in the dew
Of southern lands. If numbered with the slain,
Obscured, forever, by oblivion's rust,
Their names had perished with their loathsome
dust.

XL.

Were they my sons, I'd rather know they lay,
Stark on the battle-field, by all forgot ;
Than being alive, pollute the face of day ;
By every breath intensifying the blot
On manhood—scaring honest things away—
Miscreants who dodged, most likely, hostile
shot.
Cut-throats may blush to scandalise their trade (8)
By having in their ranks so base a renegade.

XII.

"Ultima Thule"! Nature here is king.

Here, on this promontory o'er the waters—here
I'll sit in solitude while thought takes wing,

Till past be present, and the distant near;
Let the winds sweep o'er each reposing string—

If they but waken tones that once were dear,
Let other memories, if they will, depart,

So that *these* echoes never leave my heart.

XLII.

Canadian hills are rising to my view,

Old England's worthy transmarine domain!
I wish the winds could waft my words to you,

And echo bring them to my ear again.

A Snake crawls in the grass—awake! be true!

Your honest brother Jonathan would fain,
Assail your liberty through traitor bands,

And, scathless, slip his shackles on your hands.

XLIII.

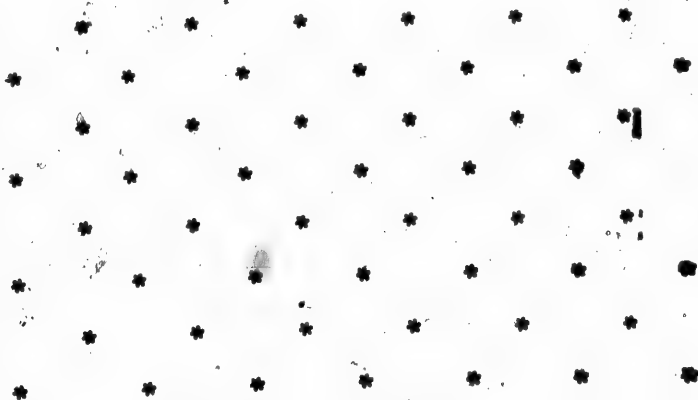
Freemen, to arms! and if the hireling knaves,
Dare touch one hair upon the Lion's back,
Hurl each and all to their appropriate graves,
Let none escape of all the blood-hound pack.
If with such tools your honest brother shaves,
I hope in courtesy you'll not be slack;
But try, in turn, the thickness of his skin,
And singe the bristles from his goatish chin.

XLIV.

Make, too, a careful scrutiny around;
Some adders may be lurking in a hole;
They'll hiss at times, and, thus perchance, be
found—

These vermin are the most accurs'd of all:
They'd fain achieve their treachery at a bound,
But lick the dust of treason as they crawl.
If such a reptile in your midst you see,
Suspend his snakish carcass from a tree

XLV.



XLVI.

The winds that wander over crag and valley—
Among giant trees, and rifted rocks—
Over verdure, and desolate wastes—over
Limitless prairies, with their little flowers
Which “blush unseen”—over the broad expanse
Of the “Father of waters,” rolling for ever
Amid his thousand isles, and along the rocky
And “wood-crown’d heights” of his shores,

XLVII.

Whisper of days when Time was young!

And they—crag and valley, rifted rock, giant tree,

Desolate waste, the flower of the desert, and the mighty river,

Wear a defiant smile of triumph, over The thunders and tempests,

Of eternal and desolating ages,

And mock, in scorn,

The ways and the works of man.

XLVIII.

Now, by all sacred things! at least by two,

Appollo's lyre, and the seeds of Pan—

I swear these stanzas I have blundered through,

Try as I may, will neither rhyme nor scan.

Well, there's but little now that's left to do;

I'll do that little better, if I can:

If there be any who may feel like smarting,

Accept some gentle courtesies at parting.

XLIX.

I pity, do not blame the multitude,

Poisoned by editors and politicians:

These same base quacks would gladly suck your
blood,

As they have done, to suit their own conditions.

When e'er, my friends you seek for wholesome
food,

Or physic, look for honest physicians.

You'd have no cause for sorrow should you see

Your shameless leaders dangling from a tree.

L.

No—do not think my satire is for you,

Victims of artifice! my warning words,
Are raised to rend the veil of error through.

Listen no more to arguments with swords,
Unless they're drawn in honour by the true;

Withhold your confidence from wrangling
hordes;

And though the time be rather late, begin

To seek right counsel from yourselves—within.

LI.

Beware these Fenians, scout their guilty course;

They've had just all ingenious thieves can ask:

Give Ireland more she'd only growl the worse.

To make her satisfied would be a task,

St. Patrick might shrink from with a curse.

Tear from their traitor hearts the rotten mask

Of freedom, and you'll see these hideous elves,

Wish slavery to all, except themselves.

LII.

Your would be rulers—nay the ones who rule you,

Who grin, and grind you with a treacherous
heel,

Are trying their hand, 'mong other things, to
school you,

To think they do not set the scamps to steal
Great Britain's heritage. They only fool you,

As you'll be taught, perchance too late, to feel.

'Tis they who whet the Fenian blood-hound's fang,

But will, when worried, leave the beast to hang.

LIII.

As I write for your good, I would advise
Nothing so much as genuine reformation ;
Such as you now exist, you'll never rise,
Conquering or conquered, to a descent station.
Virtue is glory's goal—don't feel surprise—
With honesty, as yet, you've no relation.
If, in your strife for fame, you'd fairly win, you
Must first subdue the villany that's in you.

LIV.

Do this, and victory'll not be hard to win :
As yet, your cities, commerce, agriculture,
Have only opened wider paths for sin—
Displayed new fields o'er which the hungry
vulture
May revel yet : but pray at last begin,
To find you've but polluted human culture.
A wilderness of Indians, wolves, and briars,
Excels the vaunted domes of thieves and liars.

LV.



LVI.

I love to wander on not knowing where,
 In the wild depths of a primeval forest;
 To mingle with the things of earth and air,
 These last in thought. My rhymes may be the
 poorest

You've ever seen; it matters not; I share
 The fate of others—poetaster—florist—
 I love the flowers too, but do not care
 For Botany or Botanists a hair.

LVII.

I love wild nature in her own revealing,

But not the quacks who sham, but love her not,
And deem themselves illustrious by stealing,

The fruit of other wit than theirs, and blot,
Like Tennyson, all beauty, truth, and feeling—

(Though the world's *imbeciles* reverse their lot)

All that's of nature from their mongrel page, or—

I'll stop—and—kiss the paw of Ursa Major.

LVIII.

Or any honest quadruped's that's nearer.

But to return :—I said I loved to stray

In nature's solitudes ; which are far dearer

To my lone heart ; or on a sunlit bay,

To launch my little bark, and onward steer her

Before the breeze, amid the flashing spray ;

Yes, hours like these are dearer to my heart

— Then jostling crowds, of which I form no part.



LIX.

Yet I am no misanthropist I love—

Oh, how I love ! the faithful, and the true ;
And sigh, like him of old, to be a dove—

At least to have her wings—beyond the blue
Expanse of heaven, to find, perchance above,

The loved ones lost to earth ; or with the few
Who yet remain—they are but few at best—
To fold my weary wings and be at rest.

LX.

This is but dreaming, but I love such dreams :

Less beautiful to me, when I awake,
Experiences around me : low ambition seems

To sway the multitude, who madly stake
Honour and life, on what each gambler deems

Equivalent ; but one might safely take
An oath that losers, and exultant winners,
Mostly, deserve the recompense of sinners.

LXI.

You think, perhaps, the northerners are glorious
In ending slavery : that's a Yankee sham ;
'Tis but intensified, that's quite notorious ;
The whole are rascals, nearly to a man, (9)
Both north and south—a set of cursed uproarions
Scoundrels, who rob, and murder when they
can :
The world was cursed the day they were begotten,
Most fitting son for traitors who are rotten.

LXII.

The glorious sons of Erin now bear sway—
The pope of Rome has, long years since, been
King
Of this Republic, on a certain way ;
Although you do not seem to see the thing,
So manifest on each election day.
Perhaps you feel, but will not own, the sting,
Inflicted by the vermin of St. Pat ;
But the rank poison is no less for that.

LXIII.

Oh Judgment! and Oh Justice! have ye fled
To brutish beasts, and changed the ways of
nature?

Columbia vibrates from a rotten thread,
Rotten all through, like Henry Ward Beecher:

The drooping pinions of her eagle, red
With slaughter yet to be, perhaps, may teach
her,

That things too horrid for a pagan nation,
Will meet, at last, a merited damnation.

LXIV.

Johnson now drives the waggon of the state;
He's turned the horses since the time of Lincoln,
That blunderer on the road, who, when too late,

Reaching a ditch he was aghast to wink on,
Reined up. Ye Gods of destiny and fate!

Who gave the *tailor* a good time to drink on, (10)
Is it too late some little things to alter,

And give the knave who holds the reins a halter?

LXV.

Bill Seward, like the fox—nay, the baboon,
Has sought his master, not a cat to draw,
His nuts from out the fire ; and surely soon,
The *debris* stuffed in his insatiate maw,
Will incommode the rogue for want of room :
And, after all, he may have burned his paw,
To think what's in his loathsome nature cramm'd,
'Tis most a pity he's not dead and damn'd.

LXVI.

Vain, boasting minions, from the field of blood !
The hostile ranks were ne'er so strong as now ;
You were but hirelings to a scheming brood,
And vainly sought a laurel for your brow.
In brutal force you did the best you could,
But freedom's lyre hung on the willow bough,
While the oppress'd of earth had none to heed
'em—
You fought for villany, but not freedom.

LXVII.

Go, heroes, from the battle field, the trade
You left for glory, perhaps may do as well—
Go, to the lawyer's pen, the farmer's spade,
Or other things that it were hard to tell—
Go solace widows—orphans that were made
Victims to deck pride's altar—go and sell
Potatoes, pumpkins, cabbages, or oats, —
Such callings, better far than cutting throats.

LXVIII.

Go, vaunted chieftain of deluded hordes,
You'll yet remember how to tan a skin; (11)
Repair, if needs be, with discarded swords,
Your lack of tools, and honestly begin,
To find that fame's a sound of empty words,
And oft applied to gild a deadly sin;
Or if you're lazy, go and watch the weather,
And be a looker on in tanning leather.

LXXI.

I go, a wayfaring obscure man,
And leave these themes for better pens than
mine;
I've watched the tide of strife since it began—
Seen freedom dawn—soon witness'd its decline;
With little faith howe'er the current ran :
I now the censor's chair and rod resign.
I've shown, as best I might, your deeds of evil,
And, if I could, would hope you'll cheat the devil.

LXX.

I go to seek amid your leafy bowers—
They will be leafy when the spring comes on—
The peace we seldom realize as ours,
When drifting with the sons of mammon on ;
I go to watch the opening of the flowers,
And dream of what may be and what is gone.
Oh, mystery of life within the heart!
We feel thy power, but know not what thou art

LXXI.

I go to listen to the voice of birds,
 I go to Nature and its God for teachers;
 The sighing winds speak holier things than words—
 I love them better than most other preachers—
 The rock, the mountain, or the stream, affords
 Food for the soul.—A fig for all your Beechers!
 You go to hear them spout. What then? *Cui*
bono?

All that they really mean, is *Ecce homo!*

LXXII.

Ecce, but not the one of Galilee—

They teach the doctrine of this cut-throat time;
 And *ecce homo* means admire me—

I've heard that mountabank aspire to shine,
 I mean Quack Beecher—more than most men, he
 Bows down to Baal, his most appropriate shrine.
 Alas, for these deluded souls who gape,

In Plymouth Church, to glorify an ape!

LXXIII.

Tis pleasant here to lie upon the grass—

All flesh is grass, they say, or some one said—
And gaze upon the drifting clouds that pass

Athwart the sky, just o'er the mountain's head:
Type of man's little pilgrimage, alas!

The fitful voyage of life will soon be sped;
When he who's free, and he who wears a fetter,
If in the right, will find his lot made better.

LXXIV.

I've done. When I began I did not think

To write ten lines, but soon they counted twenty;
And finding that I had sufficient ink,

I still wrote on, and having yet a plenty—
But now my rhymes are out—Ye Gods, what
meant ye?

By luring me thus fast and far, to link

My thoughts with things I little love to write!

Well, I'll submit, and wish you all good night.

THE END.

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NOTES.

1.

He played elsewhere, before he shaved for Kid.—Stanza
xii, line 4.

Perhaps he recollects who edited a blackguard publication—"The Aberdeen Shaver," in connection with one Kid.

2.

He reasoned then like Hudibras. &c.—Stanza xii, line 7.

"He who fights and runs away,
"May live to fight another day."

3.

What if their greatest hero was Bill Pool.—Stanza xv,
line 8.

Bill Pool was a redoubtable rough and tumble fighter, distinguished as the "King of Rowdies," and shot in a Saloon brawl in New York City.

On the day of his funeral—it was on a Sunday—I happened to be in New York, and passing up one of the cross streets, I encountered a complete jam of people. Threading my way with difficulty, to Broadway, I found that thoroughfare completely choked, by a multitude which no man could number, extending each way to the utmost limit of vision. "What on earth does all this mean," I enquired. Oh, it's Bill Pool's funeral, was the reply.

That gathering told its own story.

4.

Some past occasion when he meekly leant.—Stanza xix.
line 3.

Johnson received the deputation of coloured people, respectfully asking the recognition of their rights as freemen, and led by the celebrated coloured orator, Frederick Douglass with mean evasions, and insulting falsehoods; which Greely attempted to smooth over, like a lickspittle, and sycophant, as he is.

5

I'll now correct the error if I can.—Stanza xxi, line 5.

Since writing the foregoing, Greely has thrown off all semblance of disguise, and comes out the avowed friend of Fenianism. Witness a note he addressed to that scoundrel Roberts.

"OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE,"

NEW YORK, June 25th, 1866.

"Dear Sir,"

"I wish to say to your friends (*the Fenians*) to-night, what I hope sometime to say to them more fully, that I have faith that the time is not far distant when Ireland shall belong to, and be governed by the Irish, and that they will be, as they surely ought to be, earnestly devoted to the liberty of all men, all nations, all races, here and everywhere."

"HORACE GREELY."

6.

And like the vagabonds before the flood—Stanza xxiv, line 5.

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." *Genesis*, c. vi. v. 5.

7.

*Farewell wild denizens, who long have dwelt,
Just where your rapid wave is yeapt soo.—Stanza xxxvi.
line 2.*

"On the 7th September, 1641, Charles Raymbault and Isaac Jogues, two missionaries of the order of Jesus, under the auspices of Count Frontenac, then Governor General of that region, accompanied by several Hurons, left the bay of Pentanguisheng in a bark canoe for Saut Ste. Marie.

The route of Raymbault and Jogues, lay through the Georgian bay, and thence among the countless Islands that stud the channel of the Ste. Mary's river. After a voyage of seventeen days they arrived at the falls, where they found an Indian Village with a population of two thousand souls.

The abundance of white-fish, and the facilities for capturing them in the foaming rapids, have made this the chosen resort of the Chippewas for centuries."

8.

*Out-throats may blush to scandalise their trade,
By having in their ranks so base a renegade.—Stanza xi,
line 7.*

If an Englishman joining the American ranks is not a renegade, I don't know who is, or whoever has been one, Mr. Gladstone's opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Gladstone & Co. would bring England to the same degraded level, as the United States of America.

*The whole are rascals nearly to a man.—Stanza lxi, line 4.
The whole governing powers.*

10.

*Who gave the TAILOR a good time to drink on.—Stanza LXIV
line 6.*

Everybody knows that President Johnston was a tailor, and it is generally known that he commenced his career as President, by getting drunk and making a public fool of himself.

11.

You'll yet remember how to tan a skin.—Stanza LXVIII, line 2

If General Grant left a tan yard, or something like it, for the army, he is no worse for that. Tanning is a creditable business.

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